

March 26th '18.

My Dearest:-

It is another beautiful day – all the sun in heaven is shining today, and not many miles away Hell is loose. The German drive has started, as no doubt the papers at home have told you. It is a good one too and so far has been without results. There is no doubt in my mind that it is the Germans supreme effort and that it will ultimately fail, and that peace will follow its failure. So we are all glad it has started – it will over that much sooner. It is incomprehensible that such a terrific battle is waging so

near us – this valley is so quiet and peaceful. The only indication we have of anything of the sort, is the distant roar of cannon and the arrival of an occasional train load of wounded. The morale of these Allied troops is something superb. There is no sign of apprehension among them, nor of any feeling except a fixed belief that they are going to win and that an unavoidable peace is near at hand. God grant that it is, so that these brave fellows may return to the States without further casualties.

The news will be watched by us all with great interest now, as each day's progress of the battle will have a great deal of influence on final events. Give your prayers to the Allies dearest. If the war is ever to be won it must be now for I firmly believe that successful checking of this German drive will be the beginning of the end. I saw in the paper yesterday a notice of the death of Lieut. Carl Mather – Aviation section, Ellington field – Fort Lane Houston Texas. Is that our friend from home? I

can't imagine him in the flying branch of the Aviation Service but I know that you will be able to tell me. I hope, for the sake of the wife and kiddies it is not our friend.

Still no word from Jack. I have now written him four or five letters without a reply and I can't understand why it is that I don't hear from him unless something has happened to him. Do you hear from him at all? Call up the Howards and Mr. Hanchett and make in-

quiry. I have at last secured

Major Lyle's consent to request

[cut off] transfer to this

~~be so much easier for both~~
~~of us and I surely hope~~
~~it goes through.~~

except some playing cards
which I have found it im-
possible to buy over here.

And you know dear, we
must play cards occasionally.

I have decided to go to church
on good Friday and Easter
Sunday if we are near a
church. I wouldn't be sur-
prised if I should be a right
good Catholic by the time I
get home. That wouldn't
be bad news for you, would
it Honey? At least I am
contracting the church going
habit and will be a little
more company for you in

that respect. And to think that I had to join the army to learn to go to church.

Yesterday afternoon I went to the ball game which our men played against the Engineers and we beat the Engineers 22 to 2. They never had a chance, as the score indicates. It tired me out pretty badly though and I found out that my back is still far from well. I forgot to tell you about the meal which we had yesterday. I must tell you, so that you can judge how much we poor

soldiers are suffering for
food over here. We had
some officers from the
Base Hospital for mess, and
following is the Menu.

Vegetable Soup.

Mushrooms on toast.

Roast filet of beef. Salmon croquettes

French fried potatos. Creamed potatos.

Cauliflower.

Green Salad.

Lemon pie.

Light wine.

Roquefort cheese. Water crackers.

Coffee. Cigars.

Now dear I want to ask
you if that isn't a pretty

good meal? Of course all the vegetables we bought at the French market and they were rather expensive, but it was wonderfully cooked, and tasted fine even if we did have to eat it from our mess kits. Our food is really very good every day. Of course we don't have such elaborate meals every day, but each meal is good. So dearest don't worry for fear I am underfed for nothing could be further from the actual truth.

I wonder Lover dear, how you are. I haven't heard from you in so long. Cablegram service to the States has been discontinued by the Government, so I am sending you congratulations on your birthday as I figure that this letter will reach you on or about the first of May. Happy returns dearest, God bless you and keep you for me, well and strong. Oh my darling how I love you and long to see you. It seems as if there can be no limit to my love for you any more than there is to

space. Each day it grows
a thousand fold were though
it seems impossible to love
you more. I love you truly
and dearly, with all my
heart and soul. Kiss my
babies and tell them I love
them. Give Glad my love.
Be brave and strong and
love me dear,

“Daddy”

1st Lt. Ansel B. Smith M.R.C.
Evacuation Hosp. 2. U.S.A.
A.E.F.